

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Mother's proud of fighting family, A.B. Allan Hemming

ABLE SEAMAN ALLAN HEMMING ought to be proud of his Mum. I know that I am. I'm proud to have had the pleasure of meeting such a woman, one who has known adversity and toil, yet who has retained her love for her children, and won love and admiration in return.

Yes, Allan, I want you to know that I'm proud of your Mum. I've only met her once, but her simple philosophy says more than a text-book could do. I've never felt more at home in a strange house than I did in yours, Allan. Both your mother and your sister Margaret made me feel welcome immediately, and I hadn't been in the room ten minutes before Mum came in with cups of tea and biscuits.

She's proud of her fighting family, Allan. Proud of you in the Submarine Service, proud of Dick in India, proud of Gordon in Italy. She's proud to think that Margaret (A.T.S.), Syd (Middle East), Cyril (in the Home Guard), and Brian (doing his bit with the Scouts) are all helping to make a better world.

Your home is open house for those who are friendless. Last week she entertained three A.T.S. girls who were stationed in Wednesbury and had no place to go on their day off.

She makes a little coloured girl welcome—because the poor kid doesn't find it easy getting along with some people who are unkind enough to cut her because of her colour.

"Glen Fern" looked grand in the summer sunshine, Allan, and we took this picture of Mum, Margaret, and Penny the Pussy out on the lawn at the side of the house.

Syd Marshall, your brother-in-law, is mighty glad to be back in England after serving in the Middle East, but we didn't meet either Syd or your sister. They had just gone to the pictures for an hour or so.

But we had a long chat with Margaret. I should think you're proud of her as a sister, too, aren't you?

Cyril had popped in for dinner, but we missed him, along with Malcolm, Ivan and Roy.

The last three had scooted off to school by the time our car drew up outside your home, so we're sorry that we couldn't send a picture of more members of the family.

Mum is trying to get a record of Brian singing in the choir. If she is successful, she's sending one to every member of the family serving away from home, because she's sure that you'd like to hear your young brother's silvery voice.

To save her having to queue up for a bus, we ran mother to her shop at Bilston in the "Good Morning" car, Allan. As we left her, her parting words were, "Come in and see us any time you're in Wednesbury again."

We certainly shall!



BABY-FACED KILLER HANGED BY COBWEB

Stuart Martin recounts "What Crook Forgot"

IT was a cobweb that sent young Norman Thorne to the gallows; there were other things, too, but the cobweb on a beam of wood smashed Thorne's defence.

I know there are still legal minds that believe Thorne should not have been convicted. There was, too, the intensely acute mind of Dr. Bronte, who, with others, combated the conclusions of Sir Bernard Spilsbury. But it took the jury only half an hour to give their decision; and the judge donned the Black Cap.

THORNE may be called the baby-faced killer. He had dimples in his round cheeks. He had boyish, curly hair. His background was uneventful and respectable. And just before his trial he said he was not afraid of Bernard Spilsbury. In many ways Norman Thorne was a model young man.

He was a leader in the Boy Scouts, a Sunday School teacher and church-goer. They knew him very well around Kensal Rise. He was an engineer by trade, and worked for a motor firm in Wembley after the 1914 war, but the slump took his job away from him.

In 1922 he bought a small poultry farm near Crowborough, in Sussex, and lived there in what was little better than a hovel. The illumination of the place was a small oil lamp. But he had feminine consolations.

There was Elsie Cameron. She was a typist, of the romantic, passionate kind, wore spectacles, and was in love with Thorne. She often went down to Crowborough for the weekends. She expected to marry Thorne, but one day she had a shock when he introduced her to another girl, who also dropped in occasionally to visit Thorne at the "bungalow."

It was argued that Thorne introduced both girls to each other to "cure" them both of thoughts of marriage. It didn't cure Elsie.

Now, Elsie was not a bad girl. She was foolish and emotional. She had let her feelings run off with her prudence, and in November, 1924, she said that she must, if she was to retain her "respectability," get married to Thorne. She wrote to him that she wanted to be married before Christmas of that year.

But by this time Thorne had compromised himself with the other girl, and he wrote to Elsie saying he must have time to think about these things. "She thinks," he wrote, "that I am going to marry her, and I have a strong feeling for her..."

But Elsie was pressing, she

was nervous about herself, she was a victim of her strong emotions. Maybe she suspected that Thorne did not believe she was about to become a mother.

Meanwhile, Thorne confessed to the second girl about Elsie, and even suggested that she (Elsie) had been the urging party to their sin; had, indeed, "ruined" him!

On December 5th, Elsie, all her colours flying and all her determination fixed and set, packed an attache case and went down to Crowborough. She said she was not coming back until she was married to Thorne. Well, she never came back.

She was seen to open the gate to Thorne's poultry yard. She was never seen again.

But that night, just after ten o'clock, Thorne went to the railway station, met his new girl and her mother, who had been at Brighton that day; and the following day he took his new girl to the pictures. He also posted a letter to Elsie Cameron, asking, "Where did you get to yesterday? I went to Groombridge, but you didn't turn up. I suppose you were detained unexpectedly..."

Elsie's mother could not give that letter, of course, to Elsie, but she wired to Thorne, asking for news of her daughter, and he telegraphed back, "Not here. Cannot understand it."

He was very sympathetic. He even went with Mrs. Cameron to the police to try to find Elsie. When he was told that neighbours had seen Elsie go in by his gate, he replied, "I very much doubt that."

It was thought at first that Elsie was suffering from loss of memory. Some people who knew no better raised the libelous story that the Mormons had kidnapped her. Mormons don't kidnap girls, I know. I have lived in Utah and know Mormonism inside-out. Not now, they don't kidnap girls.

The police, plain, practical investigators, did not believe this Mormon fiction; they stolidly

began to dig around Thorne's poultry site. Her attache case was found buried in a potato plot not far from the gate. That meant something. The police doggedly dug on.

And late at night two diggers with lanterns unearthed the body of Elsie Cameron in a corner of the chicken run. The body was cut into three parts and buried in sacks. Norman Thorne was arrested.

It nearly always happens that when the body is discovered the charged person will start up a new story of a quarrel and "I didn't know what I was doing" stuff. I have given instances of this change of front in several crime stories I have told you in these pages. Norman Thorne followed suit.

He admitted that she had called. He was, he said, having tea when she burst in on him that December 5th, and she said she would stay with him until he married her.



There was an argument, and he left her, saying he was going to meet another girl at the railway station. She still refused to go away, and the last he saw of her was as she sat by the fire, with the dog beside her.

Then (he said), when he returned from his tryst he was horrified to see Elsie Cameron's body hanging from a beam in his shack. And she was dead—had hanged herself, in fact. So he cut her down, thought of going for the police, but decided not to. "I realised the position I was in," he explained.

That was the tale he told the police, the tale he told me. He had been a sort of local preacher; he spoke gently. He chained up his dog and dismembered the body with a hacksaw, and buried the remains.

The police shed no tears. They never do. They sent for

Spilsbury and asked him to examine the body, or rather the bits. Spilsbury was Home Office expert. He often gave out "sensational" news in murder cases; quietly, firmly, finally.

The first news he gave out about the deceased Elsie Cameron was that Elsie had been lying about her condition. She was not going to be a mother.

He also found bruises, which he held were the result of blows before death. There was no sign of asphyxiation, as would be the case in hanging. And he proved that the girl had been dismembered several hours after death.

What had caused the bruises? The police found a pair of Indian clubs in the hut. They said one of these had caused the bruises, wielded by Thorne.

At the trial, Mr. J. D. Cassels (now Judge) led for the defence. Experts were brought to say that the bruises may

have been caused after death, or that they may have been due to Elsie's own clumsy attempts to hang herself.

Rendered down to its final analysis, the case was a battle of medical microscopes.

How did Spilsbury come to the conclusion that Elsie Cameron had not hanged herself? He had examined the beam from which she was said to have committed suicide.

He found a cobweb running zig-zag along that beam. It could not have been there if the rope was round the timber. The cobweb would have been broken. So that cobweb hanged, not Elsie Cameron, but Norman Thorne.

When the jury came in, after consideration of the evidence, the result was fairly obvious. There was Thorne in the dock, watching them. He gave no sign of emotion, no faltering, when Guilty was pronounced.

He gave no sign when the judge donned the Black Cap.

He gave no sign when he was touched on the shoulder and stepped below from the sight of the public for ever.

He gave no sign when he took the last short walk from the condemned cell to the scaffold that awaited him on 22nd April, 1925. That date was Elsie Cameron's birthday.

If only Thorne had cleared that cobweb off the beam it might have been a different fate that awaited him. Bruce, the Scots patriot, watched a spider and won a kingdom from what he learned.

Norman Thorne forgot the spider and lost the kingdom of his life.

Garden Picture for Brothers Lowe

CALLING the Lowe brothers "Nelson." They volunteered for submarine duty together, too—but they got separated here, unfortunately.

We were disappointed that we didn't meet your younger sister, Mildred, but she was busy doing a spot of N.F.S. work. However, we saw Mum, Dad and twelve-year-old Betty—to say nothing of Jock, the family's Christmas box to George.

A garden item that should interest you both is the fact that the peas are ready—in fact, this picture shows Mum, Dad and Betty gathering in the harvest.

Mum says we have to tell you that young Jimmy is eternally in mischief. "He's a little devil at times," she told us—but whether he is more mischievous than George and Walter were at his age, we just forgot to ask!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

ELEPHANT POWER

"WE are caught," said Joe. "Very well, throw out the ladder," replied the hunter. These words were hardly finished when a piercing cry was heard. "The rock is moving!"

The grass moved under some long and sinuous form, which all at once revealed itself.

"It's a serpent!" cried Joe. "A serpent!" echoed Kennedy, taking aim with his rifle.

"No," said the doctor, "it is an elephant's trunk."

"An elephant, Samuel!" And so saying Kennedy took aim again.

"Wait a minute, Dick!"

"The animal is towing us."

"And the right way, too!"

The elephant advanced rapidly; it soon reached a clearing where they could see all of it; by its gigantic size the doctor saw that it was a male of a magnificent species; it had two whitish tusks, admirably curved, that might be eight feet long.

The anchor had caught between them. The animal vainly tried with his trunk to get rid of the cord which fastened him to the car.

"Come up! Gee!" cried Joe. "Another way of travelling: No more horses for me! An elephant if you please."

"But where is he taking us to?" asked Kennedy, brandishing the rifle that was burning his hands.

"He is taking us where we want to go, Dick. Have a little patience."

The animal began a fast gallop; he threw his trunk right and left, and gave some violent shocks to the car. The doctor, hatchet in hand, prepared to cut the cord when necessary.

"We will only let go our anchor when it is absolutely necessary," said he.

This elephant ride lasted nearly an hour and a-half; the animal did not appear in the least fatigued; its enormous feet can go considerable journeys, and from one day to another it is found at immense distances, like whales, which are as big and fleet.

Bullet Proof

But a change in the nature of the ground made the doctor change his way of locomotion. A thick wood appeared to the north of the prairie, at a distance of about three miles; it then became necessary to separate the balloon from its conductor.

This office was left to Kennedy; he took aim with his rifle, but his position was not favourable for lodging a bullet with success; the first, aimed at the head, was flattened like a piece of sheet-iron; the animal did not appear in the least troubled; at the noise of the discharge he accelerated his pace,

and went on as fast as a horse could gallop.

"What a hard head," said Joe.

"We'll try a few bullets on the shoulder," said Dick, loading carefully and firing.

The animal gave a terrible cry and went on faster than ever.

"I see I must help you, Mr. Dick," said Joe, loading one of the guns, "or this will never end."

And two bullets went to lodge in the animal's flanks. The elephant stopped, lifted up its trunk, and continued its journey towards the wood at full speed; it shook its vast head, and the blood flowed in streams from its wounds.

"Go on firing," said the doctor, "we are not twenty cables' length from the wood."

Ten more shots were fired. The elephant made a fearful bound; the car and the balloon cracked as

FIVE WEEKS

IN A

BALLOON

By Jules Verne

Part IX

if everything was being broken; the shock made the hatchet fall from the doctor's hands on to the ground.

The situation then became terrible; the cable of the anchor could neither be untied nor cut by the knives of the travellers; the balloon was rapidly approaching the wood, when the animal

received a bullet in the eye at the moment it lifted its head. It stopped, hesitated; its knees trembled; it presented its flank to the hunter.

"A bullet in the heart!" said Kennedy, sending a last shot.

The elephant roared with distress and agony; he drew himself up for an instant, then he fell with all his weight on one of his tusks, which broke short off. He was dead.

"His tusk is broken," cried Kennedy. "That ivory would be worth 35 guineas the 100 lbs. in England."

"As much as that!" said Joe, sliding down to the ground by the anchor rope.

"What is the use of regretting that, Dick?" said the doctor. "Are we ivory merchants, or fortune hunters?"

Anchor Fast

Joe examined the anchor; it was solidly fastened to the tusk that had remained intact. Fergusson and Kennedy jumped to the ground, whilst the half-inflated balloon hung over the animal's body.

"What a magnificent animal," cried Kennedy. "I never saw so large an elephant in India."

"That is not astonishing, Dick; the elephants of the centre of Africa are the finest."

"In the meantime," answered Joe, "I hope we shall taste a little of that one. I will undertake to furnish you with a capital meal at that animal's expense. Mr. Kennedy must go and hunt for an hour or two, and Mr. Samuel inspect the condition of the Victoria; during that time I'll do the cooking."

Meanwhile the doctor had made a serious examination of the balloon. It did not seem damaged; the taffetas and gutta-percha had resisted marvellously; by taking the actual height of the ground, and calculating the actual ascensional force of the balloon, he saw with satisfaction that there was still the same quantity of hydrogen; the envelope had been quite impermeable.

At the end of two hours, Kennedy came back with several brace of fat partridges, and a haunch of oryx, a fleet species of antelope. Joe took charge of the fresh provisions.

The three travellers then sat down on the soft green grass; the elephant's feet and trunk were pronounced delicious.

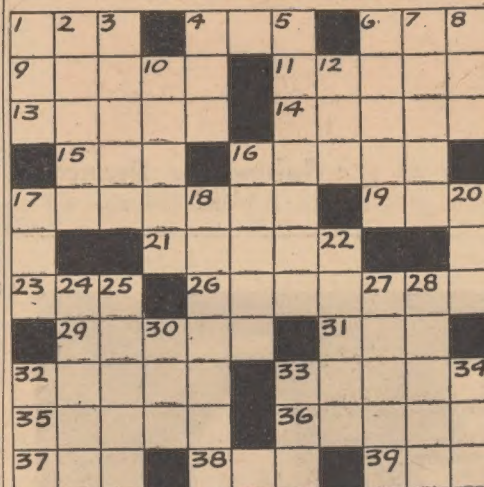
The next day they began their preparations for departure at five a.m. Joe, with the hatchet which he had happily found, broke off the elephant's tusks. The Victoria released from her captivity, flew, with the travellers to the N.E. at the rate of eighteen miles an hour.

Equator Crossing

At noon the Victoria was 1° 47' of austral latitude; at one p.m. the wind was driving it on to the lake. This lake was named Victoria Nyanza by Captain Speke.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Tree.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Behave. 2 Slant. 3 Rambler. 4 Interjection. 5 Ripple. 6 Scrub. 7 Old gold coin. 8 Insect. 10 Hazy. 12 Drink. 16 Younger son. 17 Shuck. 18 Alike. 20 Written matter. 22 Drive back. 24 Love much. 25 Barked. 27 Musical instrument. 28 Itinerary. 30 Vehicle. 32 Rule. 33 Snare. 34 Do needlework.

4 Chop. 6 Talk. 9 Boy's name. 11 Make amends. 13 Wine. 14 Brink. 15 Stopper. 16 Stop. 17 Reading. 19 Tree. 21 Duck. 23 Fish. 26 Shooting stars. 29 Ship's crane. 31 Professional. 32 Faithful. 33 Hot drink. 35 Sphere of action. 36 Cheer up. 37 Joined together. 38 Groove. 39 Novel.

CHISEL BOUT LOOM ELAPSE INWARD TIER PEASE CHARM S HARIET E LTD SIN END ALOPED E URBAN MOWER ROUT FACADE ESTHER KILN LESS OUSTED



BRAIDING HER HUSBAND'S HAIR.

It is all the toilet the men of Shark Island, in the Gulf of California, need. Every morning they get their hair braided by their wives or womenfolk, and that is the "spit and polish" for the day. It is said these—the Seri Indians—are the most primitive race on the American continent. About the only plants that live there are the cacti.

JANE

★ ★ ★



THE JEEP ARRIVES!



BLIMEY!—WASHING DAY!—THE BELLES HAVE BEEN PEELING, BOYS!

LOOK!—A HAMMOCK FOR TWO!—JANE MUST HAVE PASSED THIS WAY!!!



IF YOU BOYS WILL KINDLY ATTEND TO OUR PRISONER OVER THERE, PERHAPS WE CAN DRESS IN PRIVACY!

HA! HA!—PRIVATES IN THE BUFFS, EH!—COME ON, LADS...

USELESS EUSTACE



"Ruddy good job you weren't knock-kneed, Nobby! I told you they were firing low!"

QUIZ for today

1. A kobang, is a card-game winner, kind of tea, snake, old Japanese coin, Zulu waist-cloth?
2. How many poets can you name beginning with C?
3. What is the boiling-point of water on a Réaumur thermometer?
4. Who was William III's wife?
5. What is wrong with all British 10s. notes dated 1936?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Pannade, Pannage, Pannose, Pannous, Pannus.

Answers to Quiz in No. 441

1. Member of a Hindu sect.
2. Buchan, Bennett, Bronte, Blackwood, Blackmore, Belloc, etc.
3. (a) 98.4, (b) 37.
4. Pentland Firth.
5. (a) The Tsar of Russia, (b) Cardinal Wolsey, (c) Clemenceau.
6. Pannikin, Panicum, Panicky.

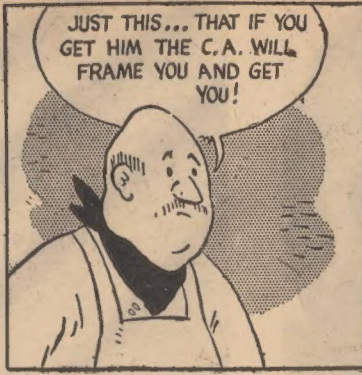
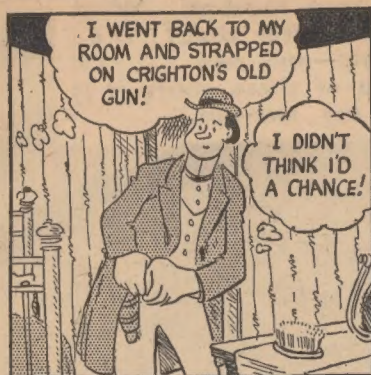
WANGLING WORDS—381

1. Put an oxide in TY and make it reliable.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Ni ruyo gab pu royu kacp tik bertulos dol.
3. Mix LAST, add A, and make a traditional supporter of the world.
4. Find the two hidden cities in: Keep your cap well on, don't swing your bat, hit the ball and run.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 380

1. CrimeA.
2. Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me.
3. B-ERLIN.
4. Ce-dar, Will-ow.

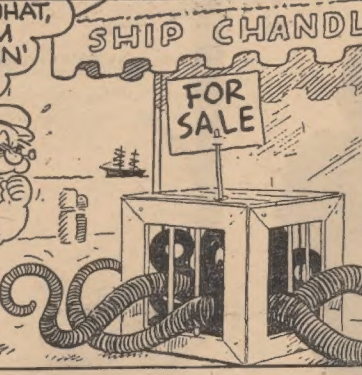
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



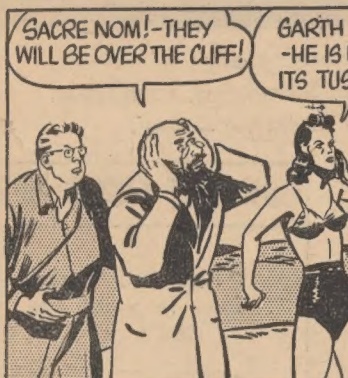
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



JAMES CAGNEY

By Dick Gordon

BECAUSE he utterly refuses to play the usual romantic roles of a film hero, James Cagney does not get as much female acclamation as some of his fellow actors, although his acting ability is well up to standard.

Instead, the intense vitality and devil-may-care air of this 5ft. 8½in. tall, red-headed actor has won him countless admirers among the men—no mean achievement.

Cagney, who uses his own name, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1904, the second of a family of five.

Like so many stars, he came to the top the hard way. At 14 he began to make his way in the world, starting as an office boy with the "New York Sun," following this with a series of similar positions.

He began as a chorus boy in a musical show, "Pitter Patter." Early on he must have shown signs of the dancing ability that was to take him to the top of the vaudeville tree, for he was soon given a solo speciality dance in the show and a rise in wages.

But it was 1929 that saw his first real step forward. In that year Cagney starred in "Maggie the Magnificent," playing opposite a young girl named Joan Blondell. It was a joint success, so much so indeed that George Kelly, the producer, co-starred them again next year in another show, "Penny Arcade."

Al Jolson, then at the height of his film fame, was enthusiastic about "Penny Arcade," and it was he who insisted that both James Cagney and Joan Blondell be given movie contracts to star in the film version of the show—after he had persuaded Warners that it would make a good movie. "Sinner's Holiday," that's the title the film finally emerged with, began the screen career of both its stars. Other work quickly followed for Cagney—"Doorway to Hell," "Steel Highway," "Taxi," etc.

Cagney, the hard little tough guy of the movies, is mild-mannered, soft-spoken, away from the screen. And he neither drinks nor smokes. Unlike some stars, he's not taking up an attitude when he tells you that he doesn't like parties (he seldom goes to any) and that when he retires he'd like to go to the quiet backwoods somewhere.

His physical toughness isn't assumed; he plays all games, and plays them hard; yet he once admitted that Debussy is his favourite composer!

Though James Cagney will almost certainly go down in the history of the movies as the star who first slapped a woman in a movie and so destroyed a screen convention that had stood inviolated since that wonderful day when the first movie flickered its way across the screen, he can act with his hands, as well as face and voice.

Lately, Cagney has been most versatile on the screen. A musical, "Something to Sing About," in which he danced; a drama, "Captains of the Clouds"; a comedy with Bette Davis, "The Bride Came C.O.D.," and another super-musical, "Yankee Doodle Dandy," which is the life of the American showman, George M. Cohan (who died recently), and gives Cagney the chance to dance. Incidentally, in this film he plays with his sister, Jean, for the first time, making it the occasion for one of the triumphs of his career.

Just recently, Cagney, in company with his producer-brother William, has formed his own company, and in future intends to make his own movies.

Alex Cracks

"Brown," said the big business man to his book-keeper, "you look very happy this morning. What has happened?" "Twins, sir," said the book-keeper. "I'm happy because of the birth of twins." The big business man thrust out his hand. "Congratulations," he smiled, "and—" "Oh," exclaimed Brown, "don't congratulate me! Congratulate Tomson, my worst enemy. He's the lucky man."

A prominent business man fell in love with an actress and decided to marry her, but for the sake of prudence he employed a private detective to report on her life. When he received the report, it read as follows: "The lady has an excellent reputation, her past is without blemish; she has an excellent circle of pleasant friends—the only breath of scandal is that lately she has been seen a great deal in the company of a business man of doubtful repute."

An Irishman who was coming out of ether in the ward after an operation exclaimed audibly:

"Thank God! That's over!" "Don't be too sure," said the man in the next bed. "They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again."

And the patient on the other side said: "Why, they had to open me, too, to find one of 'their instruments.'"

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck his head in the door and yelled:

"Has anybody seen my hat?" The Irishman fainted.

Good Morning

Here's one use for an elongated coccyx, anyway.



Jean Parker's the name, and this United Artists' star can park right here, boys.



"Ninety-nine, one hundred. What the heck comes after that? O.K., et's start again—one, two . . . I'll reach the top of these stairs if it busts my sun-suit."



This England

The soaring glory of Wells Cathedral, Somerset, seen from Tor Hill through the shimmer of a summer's day.



"Steady, steady! One frontal thrust and we'll grab that cat."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I don't like that look in your eye, me boy!"

